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# THE DAREDEVILS™

JULY  
No7

CAPTAIN BRITAIN:  
ROUGH JUSTICE!

DAREDEVIL:  
'TILL DEATH DO US PART'

NIGHTRAVEN:  
THE SNOW QUEEN

SF STRIP:  
BLACK SUN RISING!

SPECIAL FEATURE:  
JAPANESE COMICS



MEET MARVEL'S  
MEGA-HEROES!!

• COMIC STRIPS • NEWS • FEATURES •

VIEWS • COMIC STRIPS • NEWS • FEATURES • VIEWS



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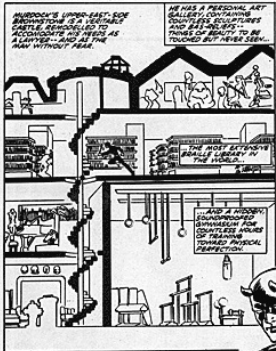
# THE DAREDEVILS

Welcome to issue 7 of The Daredevils.

This time round we've got yet another great all-colour Alan Davis poster for you — with a difference! It doubles as an ad!! 'Oh what!' you all shout. Well, read about it on the letters page because if you take us up on our offer you may receive a copy of it autographed by Alan Moore and Alan Davis, our much heralded *Captain Britain* co-creators!

Bernie.

## Daredevil's Dark Secrets



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"THE TALON ISN'T ANSWERING. IT MUST HAVE GOT HIM."



"BUT HOW? HE COULD BECOME INVISIBLE! HOW COULD IT KILL HIM WHEN HE COULD BECOME INVISIBLE? HOW??"



"LINDA, DON'T WORRY LOVE. I PROMISE YOU, IT WILL ALL BE..."

"RICK, IT'S UNSTOPPABLE! IT KILLED THE TALON, IT KILLED GAATH. OH GOD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED..."

"DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, RICK? THIS TIME WE AREN'T GOING TO WIN!!"

"WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT."



CO-CREATORS: ALAN MOORE AND ALAN DAVIS, LETTERER: STEVE CRADDOCK, EDITOR: BERNIE JAYE

**CAPTAIN  
BRITAIN**

**ROUGH JUSTICE**

"HERE IT COMES."

# KATHOOM

"LOOK! IT'S  
SMASHED ANDY,  
AND... TOM  
ROSETTA!"

"WHAT DID IT DO TO  
HIM? I DIDN'T SEE!"

"WHILE HE'S WEARING THAT  
STONE HE'S INDESTRUCTABLE!  
WHAT DID IT DO TO HIM??"

"I... I THINK  
IT ROASTED HIM,  
COLONEL."

"RICK!  
LOOK!"

"MIRACLEMAN!  
IT SHOT  
MIRACLEMAN!"

"B-BUT... BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE..."

THE ARACHNID...  
ALL OF PUPPETMAN'S  
ROBOTS...

RICK, I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE. I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE LIKE THIS!

DON'T WORRY,  
MISS. THAT THING'S  
GOT TO GET PAST  
MY KILLER TOYS  
YET!

TROOPS  
ATTACK! BOMBS  
AWAY!

LAUNCH...

FIRE  
MISSILES!  
FIRE  
TANKS!

"TUSKER!  
OH LORD..."



AS YOU KNOW, THE DEFENDANT AT THIS TRIAL IS NONE OTHER THAN THE FORMER MAJESTY OF THE DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENT COURT, HER WHYNNESS SATURNINE, NEIL?

THANKS, BOB. WELL, IF THE INCOMPETENCE CHARGES OVER HER HANDLING OF THE EARTH 238 DISASTER STICK, I THINK HER WHYNNESS COULD BE IN TROUBLE.

"I SAW HER IN THE GALLERY EARLIER ON, HEAVILY GUARDED BY CAPTAIN ENGLAND AND HIS EARTH 523 COURT-ERAPT, CAPTAIN ALBION. I THOUGHT SHE LOOKED... WELL, UNHAPPY, BOB."

"YES, NEIL, I'D SAY SHE LOOKED UNHAPPY, TOO, AND ALSO, SMALLER THAN I'D IMAGINED!"

WELL, IT'S A BIG COURT, BOB. DON'T FORGET THAT, THAT WOULD TEND TO MAKE HER LOOK SMALLER...

YES, AND OF COURSE SHE'S SITTING DOWN TOO.

"YES... THERE WAS SOME UP-ROAR FROM THE GALLERY ABOUT THAT, THE DEFENDANCE WITNESS... THE BIG CHAP HE LOOKED UPSET, IS IT CAPTAIN COMMONWEALTH FROM EARTH 920, BOB?"

"I'M NOT SURE. IT LOOKS MORE LIKE CAPTAIN ANGSTRIK-ONE FROM EARTH 744 TO ME, BUT YES, HE CERTAINLY DOES LOOK UPSET..."

"PRESIDING JUDGE LORD MANDRAGON, IN CONTRAST, LOOKS SUPREMACY CONFIDENT, SINCE HE STANDS TO SUCCEED SATURNINE, IF SHE'S DEPOSED. I'D SAY THAT HIS WAS A FAIRLY CONTROVERSIAL APPOINTMENT."

"I'D AGREE WITH YOU THERE, NEIL. ALSO, I BELIEVE THAT A FEW MOMENTS AGO, LORD MANDRAGON ORDERED THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH 238'S ENTIRE CONTINUUM. A DRASTIC MEASURE, I'D SAY."

A WHOLE UNIVERSE! DID YOU SEE...

DID HE REALLY...

HE JUST WIPED OUT A WHOLE UNIVERSE AT THE FLICK OF A SWITCH!

CAPTAIN... PLEASE, THEY DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY HERE.

GETTING ANGRY WON'T HELP SATURNINE.

IF THERE ARE ANY FURTHER OUTBURSTS FROM THE DEFENCE WITNESS, HE WILL BE FORCIBLY RESTRAINED BY ORDER OF THIS COURT.



IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?



VERY WELL. THE DEFENCE MAY CALL ITS FIRST WITNESS.

THANK YOU, YOUR WITNESS.

I CALL OPAL LUNA SATURNINE.



MAJESTRIX... WOULD YOU DESCRIBE TO THE COURT IN YOUR OWN WORDS HOW THE TRAGEDY ON EARTH 238 ACTUALLY CAME ABOUT?

PROBLEMS AROSE WHEN CAPTAIN BRITAIN OF EARTH 616 ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY. CAPTAIN BRITAIN WILL LATER TESTIFY TO THIS EFFECT.

"HIS ARRIVAL ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF 238'S SECURITY FORCE. THE STATUS QUO, CONSEQUENTLY, OUR OPERATION WAS RESTRUCTURED TO ACCOMMODATE THIS SERIOUS UPSET."

"NEVERTHELESS, WITH CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S HELP, THE PUSH WAS COMPLETED AND WAS ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL. WHAT WENT WRONG CAME LATER..."

I'LL TRY, WE... THAT IS, MY AVANT GUARD AND MYSELF, ARRIVED ON EARTH 238 AS SCHEDULED DURING THE MONTH OF FREYA. IT WAS A RETARDED PARALLEL AND IT NEEDED "THE PUSH"...

WE BEGAN BY TESTING THE LIFE ENHANCING FLUID THAT THE PUSH REQUIRED. ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS, THERE WAS NO DEVIATION FROM ESTABLISHED PROCEDURE.

"...AND IT WAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME OR MY OPERATION."



"IT WAS A REALITY STORM,  
GRAVITY, CAUSE AND EFFECT,  
PROBABILITY, LOGIC..."

...ALL OF THEM SUDDENLY  
WENT HAYWIRE. I LATER  
LEARNED THAT AN IMMENSELY  
POWERFUL AND LITERALLY IN-  
SANE PSYCHO-KINETIC MUTANT  
HAD BEEN BEHIND THE  
CHAOS...

...BUT AT THE TIME I  
DIDN'T KNOW THAT, TO COM-  
POUND MATTERS, A HORRIFY-  
ING TECHNO-BIOLOGICAL  
CREATURE SUDDENLY  
ATTACKED CAPTAIN BRITAIN.  
IT WAS INDESTRUCTIBLE.

RATHER THAN RISK  
MORE LIVES, I WITH-  
DREW TO THE HOME  
CONTINUUM. THE  
REST YOU KNOW.



THE DEFENCE HAS NO FURTHER  
EVIDENCE. YOUR WITNESS  
THE PROSECUTION COUNCIL MAY  
NOW CROSS-EXAMINE THE...

I AM ACTING  
AS PROSECUTION  
COUNCIL IN THIS  
MATTER.

YOU MAY  
WITHDRAW.

MAJESTRIX, THIS SOMEWHAT...  
UNLIKELY TALE OF PSYCHO-  
KINETIC MUTANTS AND INDES-  
TRUCTIBLE CYBORGS. YOU  
ONLY HAVE ONE WITNESS WHO  
CAN CORROBORATE IT.

I SUGGEST, MAJESTRIX, THAT  
THERE IS AN EMOTIONAL AND  
POSSIBLY A PHYSICAL RELAT-  
IONSHIP BETWEEN YOURSELF  
AND CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

WHAT KIND OF COURT  
IS THIS? HOW CAN YOU  
BE EMPEROR, JUDGE,  
AND PROSECUTION  
COUNCIL?

I NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE  
WHAT A "HANGMAN" IS, SIR,  
BUT YOU HAVE ABUSED THIS  
COURT FOR THE LAST TIME.

AS YOU KNOW, YOUR  
OWN AVANT GUARD ARE  
COURT EMPLOYEES AND  
ARE BARRED FROM TES-  
TIFYING. WE ONLY HAVE  
THIS "CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S"  
WORD AS TO THE TRUTH  
OF YOUR STORY.

I SUGGEST THAT  
YOU ARE LOVERS AND  
THAT THE CAPTAIN HAS  
BEEN INSTRUCTED TO  
LIE TO THE COURT IN  
ORDER TO SECURE  
YOUR ACQUITTAL.

THAT'S A  
DAMNED  
LIE!

ARE YOU  
THE HANGMAN  
TOO?

BAILIFFS...  
RESTRAIN THE  
WITNESS.

AYE, WELL, YOU  
HAD FAIR WARNING  
OULD LAD.

WARDOG, SHOULDN'T  
THE SPECIAL EXEC-  
UTIVE BE DOING  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THIS?

I MEAN, IT WAS  
US WHO BROUGHT  
HIM HERE.

LOOK... IT'S  
NOT AS SIMPLE  
AS THAT,  
COBWEB...

THERE ARE DIPLO-  
MATIC PROCEDURES,  
THERE'S PROTOCOL,  
THERE'S...

THERE'S...

AYE, AND BYOD'S  
DEATH, THE COURTLY  
PURSUIT OF GENTLENESS  
FAIN WOULD SERVE  
THEE WELL, I TROW.

I SUPPOSE THEY  
ARE BEING A BIT  
ROUGH WITH HIM.  
AREN'T THEY?

VERY WELL, SINCE  
THE DEFENCE'S ONLY OTHER  
WITNESS WAS THE RECENT-  
LY DETAINED CAPTAIN  
BRITAIN...

PRISONER SATURNYNE,  
THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY  
AS CHARGED IN RESPECT OF  
YOUR COMPLICITY IN THE  
DESTRUCTION OF EARTH 238.

YOU WILL BE  
STRIPPED OF ALL  
TITLES AND PROP-  
ERTIES RELATING TO  
YOUR OFFICE AS  
MAJESTRIX...

...AND THEN YOU WILL  
BE BROKEN DOWN INTO  
YOUR COMPONENT SAL  
SALTS AND BIO-CARBONS  
AND THEN RETURNED TO  
SOIL THAT YOUR TEACH-  
BOOKS FEET HAVE  
DEFILED.

AND SINCE CAPTAIN  
BRITAIN, DUE TO HIS  
UNRULY CONDUCT, IS  
NOW PROHIBITED FROM  
TESTIFYING, IT ONLY  
REMAINS TO PASS  
SENTENCE ON THE  
ACCUSED.

SENTENCE TO  
BE CARRIED OUT  
IMMEDIATELY.







FOR MY PART, I'M GOING TO SIT HERE AND HOPE THAT THIS IS ALL A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE.

"WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT THE TRIAL SO FAR, NEIL?"



WELL, BOB, I'D SAY THAT THIS IS VERY MUCH A TRIAL OF TWO HALVES. I'D SAY THAT WE'VE SEEN A LOT OF DISAPPOINTMENTS SO FAR, BUT...



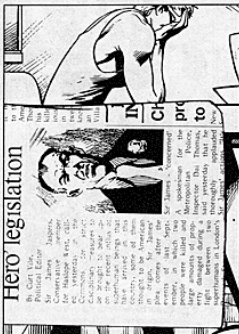
NEIL? I'M SORRY, BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CUT YOU OFF THERE.

SKREEEEET!!



NEIL?

LINDA McQUILLAN HAS TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES...



# BLOODY SUNDAY COMICS

BY STEVE MOORE

After last issue's foray into the extremely refined world of Mainland Chinese comics, with their high art and socialist purity, it's time to turn our writer's review of the Orient to something completely different: the hot, bloodstained universe of the Japanese industry.

The world of Japanese comics is vast: it's probably the only other country in the world that can equal the American industry in sheer volume of material published, and the range is so broad that I could never do it justice in one brief article.

Subject matter includes science-fiction, horror, present-day adventure, romance, crime, sport (especially baseball) and humour; but for the sake of discussion we'll concentrate mostly on the historical samurai strips.

Apart from the fact that you'd be as bored reading three pages about baseball comics as I would be writing it, the samurai strips contain the most interesting, adult and simply the best material Japan has to offer. Unlike us, they seem to have a strong feeling for their own history and traditions.

## A Good Day's Read

In terms of format, Japanese comics divide up into two.

There are the regular magazines; weekly, fortnightly or monthly, which sell for 200 yen (about 40p). These are the same page-size as American comics, with about 300 pages per issue (even the weeklies!) and tend to be anthology titles: a lead strip of about 60 pages and several back-ups of about 30, interspersed with features and text pages.

The strips are virtually always in black-and-white line, which is probably just as well, as the printing's dire... grey or purple ink on blotting paper.

The best strips from the magazines eventually get collected into paperback-sized books, where the printing and paper is, thankfully, much better. These also have about 300 pages, and sell for 480 yen (close to £1). Both types read back-to-front to western eyes, and the frames on a page run from right to left.

Output is enormous. Go into a Japanese bookshop and you're likely to see just as many comic-books on the shelves as there are novels.

They're frequently known as 'Sunday Comics'; the idea being that you buy one or two and they keep you occupied throughout your entire day off. With bring us to an interesting feature: in Japan, comic strips are read by all age-groups, kids and adults, and there's no 'Kid's-stuff' stigma attached to the strip as there is in this country.

Some strips are specifically designed for kids, some for adults, but there's an awful lot of middle-ground material to be enjoyed by both.

## Sex And Violence? Yes And No.

Now we come to a point which unfortunately I'm going to have to spend a little more time on than I'd intended to, as I fear my old mate Alan Moore may have unintentionally misled you in one of his recent articles on sexism in comics (see *The Daredevils* No. 5).

Alan was quoting from what seems to me to be a pretty biased article by Angela Carter, which concentrated almost exclusively on the sex and violence aspects of a small section of the medium.

Now it's true that there's a strong element

of sexuality in the more adult comics, and it's also true that a small number would be considered pornographic in this country. But the really appalling stuff accounts for perhaps one percent of the total output, and to say that "the Japanese have built an entire industry upon the idea of woman-hating taken to horrifying physical extremes" just isn't on. After all, there's not a lot of opportunity for torturing women in a baseball comic.

And in answer to Mr. Carter's question "Can this really, truly be a close-up of a female orifice?" my answer would be "No, it probably isn't". Even in the most porno comics, genitals (male or female) are simply never shown... even in frontal views where their omission is glaringly ridiculous. Some transparently obvious symbols, yes; physical reality, no.

Perhaps I should add one rider to this: Mr. Carter may have found such things when she was writing her article twelve years ago... I'd be astonished if she found them today.

Let's try to take a more balanced view. Yes, there are one or two things which are little more than torture comics.

Yes, the adult end of a market intended for an almost exclusively male readership, there's a certain amount of sex and nudity, which would be quite indefensible against any sort of feminist argument.

Yes, horrible things sometimes happen to women in Japanese comics. But it isn't all one way. Even more horrible things happen to men, and far more frequently.

And there's the matter of historical ver-

acity: in samurai times, masculine fidelity was considered utterly unimportant, and women were abused and subservient... to show the situation differently would simply be untrue.

And on the other hand... *The Woman In Black* (my translations of titles are only tentative) is a sex-horror comic admittedly intended for male readers that makes *Vampirella* look like *Noddy*, but she and her companions a vampire and a girl-werewolf account for an astonishing number of male victims in two volumes.

*Fire-eating Bird*, set in samurai times, has the heroine brutally avenging herself on a large group of men responsible for the murder of her husband.

Perhaps the most balanced example is a samurai-detective book (the title of which is quite beyond my meagre powers of deduction!) in which the hero has three female associates, armed with sword, gun and ninjato weapons (stars, darts, claws, etc) respectively.

They play an equal part with the hero in both crime-solving and fighting, are treated with respect and affection, and aren't stereotyped "decorative beauties"... one is disfigured by a facial birthmark but receives possibly more affection than the others.

Okay, violence. The samurai sword is the deadliest blade ever created by man (a good sword could cut through three human bodies with a single stroke) so naturally there are a fair number of severed limbs and heads scattered about the place, and the Japanese are not afraid to show spurting blood; to have any less would be unrealistic. But with swords



Superb 'reflections in a lake' shot, drawn by Kawasaki Noboru. Simplicity itself: it's unnecessary to show the water... the reflections tell you all you need to know.



"Deadlier than the male": feminine deviousness from *Fire-Eating Bird*.

like this, one cut tends to end the contest.

Rather more space is expended on the build-up to the contest and the techniques of swordsmanship than the violence and its consequences.

Some strips are more brutal than others, and there is a certain amount of beating and torturing, but personally I'd say the Japanese have got the level of violence about right for the sort of story they tell.

It's us, in British and especially in American comics who've got it wrong; we're far too squeamish about the result of violence, which means that we end up with characters who get punched through walls for page after page and then get up and shrug their shoulders without so much as a bruise.

That strikes me as far more dangerous than portraying violence realistically; it gives the reader the impression that it doesn't matter if he hits someone, because it obviously doesn't hurt.

Okay, having got that off my chest, let's get back to the main subject . . .

#### Influences From Within And Without

Doubtless an influx of American comics in the days of the occupation after the second World War influenced the general shape of the Japanese comic as far as page-size, number of frames per page and so on. And the comics

are drawn with westernised techniques . . . linear perspectives, use of shadow, etc. . . . unlike the Chinese comics we looked at last issue. But beyond that American influence seems fairly slight.

Apart from the occasional licenced version of *Batman* or the *Hulk*, drawn by Japanese artists (the *Hulk* tends to smash people till they bleed!) they seem to have largely escaped the costumed super-hero.

A more pervasive influence is the animated cartoon film and more than half of the comics are drawn in a very cartoony style. Even some of the samurai strips show a certain cartoonishness on occasion.

Another influence appears to be the cinema (samurai movies have been made since the days of the silent screen), but I begin to wonder about this. I have a notion that two factors, the actual length of the stories and the speed with which they have to be produced, mould the story-telling techniques more than anyone's realised, and the end result is something that appears cinematic without necessarily being directly influenced by the movies . . . or perhaps there are equal shares of each.

I'd estimate that an average Japanese artist must turn out about 15 pages of finished art per week, minimum (a figure liable to send most British artists squealing to their psychiatrists), every week!

This doubtless explains the cartoonishness of

several strips, and why a lot of the samurai stuff has a very rough finish . . . the story-telling's the important thing, not to produce a beautiful piece of finished art.

As an example, let's look at *Baby-Carriage and Wolf* (or *Wolf with a Child*). This was published in 28 books between 1972 and 1976, although I'd guess magazine serialisation must have started earlier. 8,333 pages, all written by Koike Kazuo and drawn by Kojima Gohshi, it's the tale of a wandering samurai, Ito Ogane and his young son Daigoro.

It's probably the supreme samurai strip, and a number of movies have been based on it, also scripted by Koike Kazuo (two have been shown here: *The Lightning Swords of Death* and *Shogun Assassin*).

Even at 15 pages a week, that's over ten years work; and messrs Koike and Kojima have produced a number of other books, together or separately, as well. So, speed's one factor.

The other's length. *Wolf* is in episodes of about 60 pages each. In Britain, we're used to writing episodes of 6 to 8 pages, which means we have to force the pace and pack in the incidents, and get to a cliff-hanger by page 8. But with 60 pages you don't . . . in fact you can't, or you run out of ideas after a couple of episodes.

*Wolf* averages about 4 frames a page, and uses very few captions; sometimes a whole in-

statement has no captions at all. The story's carried almost entirely visually and by dialogue. There are lots of silent frames and sequences: reaction shots, emphatic close-ups, establishing shots, "zoom-in" sequences.

New characters are frequently introduced in a sequence of frames that start off close on their feet, then move up slowly until their face is revealed. Ito and Diogenes might be travelling through the mountains, walking in total silence for 5 or 6 pages. And people don't do anything stupid like holding a conversation in the middle of a fight!

The end result is something extremely "cinematic", but whether the effect is caused by influence from the movies, or by internal factors resulting from the structure of the strip, I really don't know.

Admirable as all this is, it's the sort of

thing you can only do in 60 pages. To try to spend 6 pages silently introducing a character in a 20-page American comic would obviously be a mistake, because it would unbalance the whole story.

I wish I knew more about how Japanese comics are scripted, but I have noticed one interesting thing: when Kojima Gohsuke writes and draws his own strips, he tends to use about 12 frames a page, with an immense amount of dialogue and postage-stamp sized pictures of "talking heads". Which suggests to me that the cinematic story-telling techniques originate with the writer, not the artist. Koike Kazuo's work with other artists is as immaculate as ever...

I've really only scratched the surface here, but it's time to move on. Next issue we'll take a look at the Hong Kong industry...

By the time they're imported here, Japanese comics have usually tripled in price, so they're expensive: books between £3 and £3.50 each, magazines £1.20 to £1.50. There are a couple of places in London (at least) that sell them:

Books Nippon; 64-65 St Paul's Churchyard, London, EC4M 8AA.

The Japanese Publications Centre; 5 Warwick Street, London, W1.

I'm afraid I can't tell you the Japanese titles of the books, which is what the staff would know them by, so there's no point in writing and asking for them by my English translations of the titles (which might be wrong!). So you'll just have to go along in person and grope around till you find what you want. After all, I have to, so why shouldn't you?



Top Right to Bottom Left: The opening of a tense confrontation: four pages of visual story-telling from *Baby Carriage and Wolf* (the pictures read from right to left).

Right: The front cover of a typical volume of *Baby Carriage and Wolf* (No. 9). Action Comics is the name of the publishing house.



**LETTERS**

DAREDEVILS, MARVEL  
COMICS, 205-211,  
KENTISH TOWN  
ROAD  
NWS.

Dear Daredevils,  
Issue 5 of your promising magazine really does have an eye-catching cover, doesn't it? More of these please. And Mr Moore is really a wonderful writer, both for comic-strips and feature articles. Long may he continue.

So *The Special Executive* has returned! I did enjoy their short appearances in *Doctor Who Monthly*, but in their new incarnation I suppose that all links with the *Doctor Who* Universe (Whoniverse - groan) will be conveniently forgotten, since it places an intolerable restriction on the writer/artist's freedom when they have to keep in mind the continuity of the *Doctor Who* programme, and indeed the Comic strip.

It's a pity, but I understand, and I think it is only right when the strip isn't in *Doctor Who Monthly*.

(Hard words for a *Doctor Who* fan to say, but its only fair.)

As for Alan Davis' interpretation of the characters... wow - but hasn't Cobweb changed?

Thank goodness you got rid of *Spider-Man*. I'd really then like to say get rid of *Daredevil* as well and put some new non-Superhero British material... but at the present standard of the American strip, I'd hate to see it go. Perhaps in a few issues time I will have changed my mind.

Paul,  
Clermiston Rd North,  
Edinburgh.

*Links with the Doctor Who universe would best be forgotten because of Doctor Who copy-right reasons too.*

*The Special Executive can hop from one universe to another with astounding ease so continuity*

*needn't be a problem - they just won't go there again.*

Dear Marvel,

I agree with Alan on the misportrayal of women in comics. I find this whole good-girl art thing both amusing and frightening. If people want to pay ridiculously high prices for back issues just because it features the *Weap* all tied up then that's their problem but continued exposure to this kind of thing is bound to affect a few of the more impressionable of younger readers.

Wasn't that *Brave and Bold* story cited the one in which, when *Black Canary* is finally freed by *Batman*, she utters the immortal words "My hero!" Pathetic. Credit goes to Bernie for printing this article, disclaimer or no disclaimer.

The feature on music was okay and I would look forward to the upcoming "V" for *Vandetta* soundtrack strip but there's this slight problem - I can't read music.

*Star Death* was cute, if a little "mystery in Space-ish". Whose head originally appeared in the place now occupied by Merlyn?

It's not often I notice design but Floron did an excellent job on issue 5's cover. Talk about eye-catching. The rest of the issue was well done too. At one time *British Marvel* just stuck in the reprints, the original (and awful) connecting splash pages, the letter page and generally churned out copies. You people obviously don't believe in working that way. The care shows.

That poster of the *SpecEx* is so good I may even buy an extra copy.

*Dave Gibbons'* drawing of *Batman*, done when he was eight, is better than I could do now (and I'm 10%) (That's a lie, honest. Can't draw though).

Keep up the good work but don't let all this praise spoil you, right!

Mart Gray,  
New Seaham,  
Co. Durham.

*Doctor Who* originally appeared in place of Merlyn.

You really don't need to be able to read music to appreciate the "V" strip you know, but if it

*makes you feel any better I'll send you a 'how to read music' handout!*

*sometimes it's hard to remember which comic company I'm working for!*

Dear Bernie et al,

Another excellent issue of *The Daredevils*, thanks.

Since my last letter in which I predicted the death of the Superhero and wasn't very nice to Alan Moore, my ideas have been changed radically, this due almost entirely to meeting Alan at Nostalgia and Comics and having the good (!!) man destroy my every argument. (I can see the headlines "Punk Comic Freak Turned Into Glibbering Wreck By Mystery Werewolf As Onlookers Look On Horrified") so maybe you're right there is maybe a glimmer of hope for the Superhero.

The *Captain Britain* story was as I've come to expect extremely enjoyable.

The *Special Executive* were really something, they are to supergroups what Jimi Hendrix was to the Star Spangled Banner. Mr Moore has taken a tired old idea and given it a new lease of life.

One problem, it seems you've mixed *Doctor Who* mythology irreversibly with the Marvel Universe and I can see this causing BIG problems.

The articles were very interesting again this issue, but I feel that Alan is monopolising this magazine; there must be hundreds of unemployed fans who would give their eye teeth for a chance to try to write for you (me for instance).

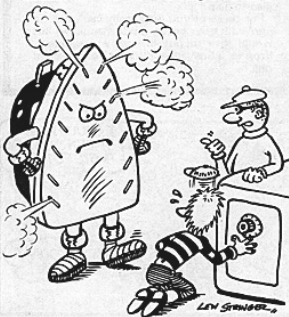
How about an extended letters page specifically for comments on the current *American Marvels*? This would be much appreciated, as it would provide a forum larger than the closed shops of the fanzines and would allow comment without the three month time gap.

Has it occurred to you that you're probably the first *Marvel* comic that has freely mentioned other comics without putting them down. Does Stan know.

Yours,  
Andrew Morton,  
Rowley Avenue,  
Stafford.

PS A quick snide aside to Mr

## WHAT IF... IRON MAN REALLY LIVED UP TO HIS NAME?



"WHAT'S HE GETTING ALL STEAMED UP ABOUT?"

Moore, if you must write like Thompson how about the comics adaptation of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

We are introducing two new writers to the mag, Pete Scott and Steve Jones, both of whom were on the dole. Pete Scott has written a feature on *Night Raven* and another on *Steve Dinko* (scheduled in future issues), and Steve Jones' first review appears on page 21.

We hope to feature a 4 page satire of *Daredevil* in issues written by Alan Moore and drawn by 2 fan artists Mike Collins and Mark Farmer. It's very good and I recommend you look out for it.

So as you can see we are introducing new people to the mag. If you're really serious about writing you should send us some work we can put on file - at least we'll know you're around then. This applies to all the readers, be they budding artists or budding writers. If we receive letters discussing *American Marvels* we would certainly print them. As for Stan the Man, if you haven't told him I certainly haven't.

Dear Marvel,

The *Special Executive* should be given their own magazine. I was quite impressed with *Wardog* and *Cobweb*.

However, I suggest some improvements: Elaborate the characters and abilities of the group; don't go overboard about their 'oddball' image; keep them to an inexcusable number and kill at least four of the characters seen in silhouette in the opening frame and replace them with *Marvel's 'Cloak and Dagger'* (last appeared in *Spider-Man*) or somebody else of rudimentary human appearance.

As a back up story I suggest either *Star Tigers* or *The Avengers* done by Britain. Yours faithfully, James Taylor, Rayners Lane, Middlesex.

Dear Marvel UK,

The cover was the best in a series of great covers - I hope you continue with original covers rather than the usual *Marvel UK* style of reproducing the *American* ones. I liked the bordering, and the small frames from the *Daredevil* story inside were a masterpiece. Floron Fioranzo (whatever he, she or it may be) excelled him/herself.

I had doubts that even Alan's Moore and Davis could breathe life into *Captain Britain* but this issue's story convinced me that they are onto a good thing, even if it was virtually a try out for *The Special Executive* (I nearly called them 'The Style Council' just then).

Groups of super-powered beings are hardly the most original characters but Mr Moore's stock in trade seems to be rejuvenating such old concepts, as *Captain Britain* and his work elsewhere (*Skizz*, *Marvelman*) proves.

The *Executive* don't seem to have the most original of powers either, well, *Zeitgeist* and *Cobweb's* telepathy anyway. *Wardog* seems to be an intriguing character - what exactly does he do apart from order other people around?

The inclusion of a second home produced strip in place of the ancient 'Spider-Man' re-runs is another laudatory move, even if they are re-prints, I've never read them before.

*Music and Comics* was very interesting, two songs mentioning comic book characters I can think of are *Precious* by *The Pretenders* (*Howard the Duck*) and *Magnets and Titanium Man* by *Wings* - which also mentions *The Crimson Dynamo*. The song itself doesn't really have much to do with the villains of its title though.

Keep up the good work. Mike Gent, Baldock, Kent.

There's a pic of Floron on Page 26!

And as for *Wardog*, he doesn't do anything other than order people around. I hate him already!



## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Priority of priorities is our centrefold poster! Please help us with our promotions by putting it up somewhere where a lot of people will see it.

Anybody who manages to get their local newsagent to put it in their window will receive a special thank you prize - a replacement poster autographed by Alan Moore and Alan Davis!

All you have to do is send us a signed slip from your newsagent confirming that he's put the poster up.

We have a hundred to give away to the first hundred replies we open!

The more *Daredevils* issues we sell, the better able we will be to keep improving the mag. There's a lot more we could do if we managed to increase the sales. It would be great if you gave us a hand.

I'm only asking because from the response we've had in terms of letters and survey answers, I think many of you would be glad to help.

For those of you who really can't bear to part with your poster (understandably) but would love to put one up somewhere - drop us a line and we'll send you a second one.





# FANZINE REVIEWS

by alan moore

Before kicking off this month's reviews I'd like to throw a question open to all you archivist editors out there. In the course of compiling this review column a basic problem has slowly become apparent... namely, given the number of zines there are to be reviewed and the space limitations within *The Dare Devils*, by the time a review appears the issue it relates to can be anything up to six months out of date.

The only way round this that I can see is to make the reviews shorter and fit more of them in, but then of course the reviews would probably be no more than a condensed list of contents with a pithy judgemental proclamation tacked on the end.

Given the work that obviously goes into most of the fanzines I get to see, it seems a bit dire to neatly bundle them up in a couple of paragraphs just to get them out of the way. On the other hand, who wants yesterday's papers?

I'm really sweating cobs over this dilemma, chaps, and if any of you could see your way clear to proposing an elegant solution I'd be eternally grateful.

And so, onto the reviews...

## WORLDS COLLIDE

(Available for 60p, postage included, from Martin Skidmore, 25, Cornleaze, Withywood, Bristol.)

I've been looking forward to reviewing this one for ages, but have been previously uncertain as to which was the current issue. Since the ink was still wet on this copy when I received it a couple of days ago I think I may press ahead with impunity.

This is the sixth issue of *WORLDS COLLIDE* and since it's stylish debut at the end of '81 it's been going from strength to strength with each subsequent issue. The rough edges of the early outings are gradually getting planed down and the magazine is starting to develop an identity of its own. I think what I probably like best about it is the balance between intelligence and enthusiasm it represents... there's a lively range of contents and the feeling of good ideas bubbling under the surface.

It's edited by Dave and Judi Dursley and Martin and Jackie Skidmore, and the four-way editorial input probably goes some way to accounting for the refreshingly undogmatic line in editorial comment. As many of you are

probably aware, there are a number of fans who are foaming, slavering insanics with a "flame-thrower and chain-saw" approach to the concept of rational argument. Not that I, of all people, have anything against ranting psychotics, you understand. It's just that it's nice, once in a while, to come across a 'zine that reads, at it's best, like a stimulating conversation around a fireside and a couple of bottles of cider.

The contents, as suggested above, are diverse. We kick off with a beautiful cover by Steve Lowther depicting Dr Doom sitting at the console of what looks to my untrained eye very much like a Multiversal Omniscope.

Once inside we get a brief run-down on Comicana '82 followed by an excellent piece on writer William Burroughs by Pete Scott, a fan writer in the rare and enviable position of being both good and prolific. I've been a big William Burroughs fan since I was sixteen, and despite the fact that the article was of only a page in duration, (There's nothing wrong with this Alan, Bernie) I found that it was telling me things that I didn't already know. Like I say, it's a great article and a good introduction to someone who is probably one of the greatest writers of this century. (William Burroughs, that is. Not Pete

Scott, I mean, he's good, but...)

The next feature is a series of *Time Capsule* reviews of golden age comics conducted by Howard Stangroom. This time round we get interesting critical glances at such various and long extinct titles as *EC's Panic*, *Marvel's All Winners Comic* and *ACG's Operation Panic*.

I found it enjoyable and informative. It was also strangely comforting to read reviews more seriously out of date than my own.

There's a page of *Nostramoid* predictions for 1983 from the ubiquitous *Frank Ploverlight* and *Martin Skidmore* that are funny, horrible and probably entirely accurate.

There's a page and a half of fanzine reviews that... Good Lord! They've managed to review eleven fanzines quite adequately in a page and a half! Can the problem be with me? Is it just that I talk too much, or what?

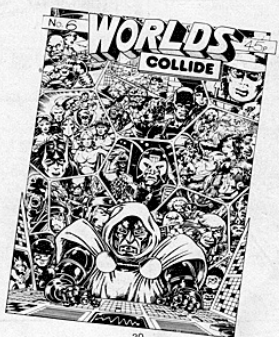
Hmmmm. Anyway... next on the agenda are the first two entries in a proposed *A to Z* of the comics, said entries being informative overviews of *Action Comics* and *The Atom*. Does this mean they're not going to mention *Antara*? I think we should be told.

An article by Rai Davies follows entitled *Sympathy for the*

*Devils* which has an admirable premise and is very readable. On the other hand, as far as logical argument goes it's like the *Marx Brothers* on barbiturates, but I suppose one can't have everything.

Following that, there's a crossword, a pleasant interview with DJ and founding-father comic fan Paul Gambaccini, an admirable plea from Dave Dursley for more coverage of animated cartoons in fandom as a whole, a collection of various fan writers recalling their favourite Christmas stories, a feature on *Dike's Shade The Changing Man*, a letters page and a comprehensive over-view of the startling eruption of activity within the comics industry during 1982, presented in the form of a recorded conversation between the editors.

*WORLDS COLLIDE* is an excellent fanzine that is fortunately nowhere near as appallingly stupid as the film of the same name. Buy this immediately, even if it means the cat going without food over the weekend. There are, after all, millions of cats. Good fanzines, on the other hand, are few and far between.



**THE ALTERNATIVE HEADMASTER'S BULLETIN, NO. 4.**  
(Available for 70p, postage included, from Gerald Midgely, 25, Barnmead Road, Beckenham, Kent.)

**THE ALTERNATIVE HEADMASTER'S BULLETIN** is a beautifully produced stripine containing a wide array of experimental strips by various artists. Some of them work splendidly, others are less successful, but all of them are worthy of attention.

Probably my favourite work in the issue comes from Mark Farmer who contributes a suitably wind-swept and ominous-looking cover as well as a lovely two-page centrefold adaptation of one of *Ted Hughes' Crow* poems in which the sleek blackness of the crow works perfectly against the nebulous spray-diffuser background.

Other noteworthy features include the oblique and alienated sage of *Gone With A Wind* and a very competent-looking entry from Rob Davis entitled *The Prisoner of Mind-Bend Tower*.



Davis has a style that manages to blend the metallic ruggedness of someone like *Spain Rodriguez* with the delicacy of one of the French guys . . . *Bilal* or somebody.

It's well told, both visually and narratively, and it's generally in possession of more than its fair share of class.

Some of the other included pieces, while less immediately gripping, are never the less worthy efforts in their own right.

*Kev Sutherland* and *John M. Matthews* contribute a *Hawk* strip entitled *They Killed Reality* And *It Didn't Bleed* which is competently written and drawn but somehow tends to get lost in the over-ambitious layout and never really lives up to the promise of its snappy title.

There's a one-pager entitled *Satisfaction Free* by *Charlotte Baggins* which is nicely drawn and has a lot of charm, but somehow seems a bit too slight to stand as a piece in its own right.

A one-pager by *Guy Jones* entitled *Tips For Anarchists and Ecologists*, on the other hand, is smart and self-contained and conducts itself with considerable demented energy.

Probably the most interesting piece in the magazine is a six page item called *Rape* . . . interesting primarily because it doesn't entirely work although it seems to have everything going for it.

*Mathew Ronalds'* artwork is very accomplished, breaking forms and figures down into scribbled, angular and expressive shapes. This has the double advantage of presenting the harrowing subject matter in suitably emotionally violent terms while not allowing the artwork to become the prurient peepshow that it easily could have done in

less talented hands.

Where the story falls down, I think, is in the writing. The subject is just too big and messy to be approached without considerable thought regarding presentation, and the tone of the writing was, in my opinion, too hectoring and rhetorical.

I doubt that anyone likely to be reading *THE ALTERNATIVE HEADMASTER'S BULLETIN* would feel inclined to argue with *Mike Taylor's* assertion that rape is a terrible thing, but the strident and needlessly accusing tone of the strip tends, if anything, to diminish from the powerful effect of the drawing. Still, we all have off-days and the strip deserves praise if only for attempting to tackle a very dodgy subject in a very direct fashion.

The other two pieces included, *David Nood's Life Comic* and *Bob Wakin's* untitled three pager are both relatively non-linear things that can only really be judged in terms of their immediate effect.

That said, of the two I found the former to be the more appealing with it's restrained, flat claustrophobic images providing a bleak and emotionless counterpoint to the newspaper clipping that forms the page's focal point.

AHB 5 may well be out by the time you read this, and with the promise of work by *Brian Talbot*, *Dave Harwood* and *Eddie Campbell* in the offing the future looks rosy indeed.

Anyone interested in taking a look at the many possible futures of the comic medium in this country should invest in a copy of this, if only as a guide to some of the fascinating new talent that seems to be currently creeping out of the cultural woodwork. Recommended.

# DOG MAGAZINE

A REVIEW BY STEVE JONES



20pp Large Format. £1.50p  
Editorial: 15 County Grove,  
London, SE5 9LE.

There's been a lot of talk recently about the relation between rock music and comics — a lot of hype in the music press for all sorts of independent comics and a lot of well-intentioned tosh about music in the comic 'zines. So much so, in fact that, according to one rumour flourishing around the Marvel offices, it is now reputedly "posy" to be into comics.

Well, let's get this straight first of all — *DOG* is not a comic magazine. It's not a rock magazine either. But before all you potential posers out there start leaving this review in droves, let me suggest quickly that *DOG* be seen as a sort of retrospective missing link.

It's a visual archeology of rock culture. They're all here, every voyeuristic look, every narcissistic angst-ridden gesture, every posture of the self-obsessed post-pubescent male that have typified

pop music hype since the dawn of recorded rock and roll.

Unlike *RAW*, to which it is sometimes mistakenly compared, *DOG* publishes no strips. Its large format pages contain single or double page illustrations.

For those of you familiar with the Royal College of Art school of "Radical Illustration" or the various publications put together by the French *SD* group *Bazooka Productions*, the style of *DOG* will come as no surprise. *DOG* has made its own culture con-

— keeping with its times, yes, *DOG* is making art out of hype.

But when that hype, like music hype today, consists mainly of a culture recycling its own history, then a project like *DOG* has no option but to become a living museum piece.

So *DOG* then, nearest in spirit to *Id* but without *Id*'s obsessive cataloguing, or *The Face* but without that magazine's attempts at journalism.

And those *DOG* boys, the smart young professors of pose.





# Light & Raven

Writer: Alan Moore Illustrations: Alan Davis

What do you mean, you want my name? I've told you my name. My name is Cancer Divine and...

But that *is* my real name! Whattayou think, I'm lying here, any minute I'm gonna die, and I'm gonna lie about my name? My god, you people are just *sooo* crass. My name is Cancer Divine, I had it changed just last week, you know, deed poll and everything, and it's *perfectly* legal and...

Well, that isn't what you asked me, is it? You said what's my name and I told you. If you'da said "What was your name last Thursday?" then I'da been only too willing...

Yeah, okay. Okay. I'm dying. There's no need to snap at me...

Donald Pratt.  
What's so funny about that? No, come on. He laughed, I saw him laugh. I'm not here... Lissen, I'm not here to be yummified. You think you're pretty damn butch with ya badges and night sticks, doncha? Oh yeah, Oh yeah, I know where you're comin' from.

Well, just you lissen, sweetheart. If you wanna get any kind of story outta me then you better start treating me with a little respect, you hear? An' that means no more smart cracks about my hair or make-up or none of that stuff. An' I want that big Mick who just laughed out of the room now, this instant. Otherwise I'm likely to start screaming and thrashing about, an' I'll probably rip this goddamn drip feed right outta my arm and that big ugly nurse with the onion breath out here in the corridor, the one who looks like the Masked Destroyer, she's gonna be in here just *sooo* fast and your feet won't touch the sidewalk till you're back at the precinct house.

Oh yeah? You just try me, lover.  
That's right. Out the room. Now.  
Well I should think so.

Okay. That's much better.  
You wanted to hear about how it all happened, didn't you? About Chinese White and The Snow Queen and the cocaine and the room fulla solid cement and alla those dead guys. About how I went an' got myself killed.

About Night Raven.  
Oh-ho! I thought that'd make you sit up and take notice. You people are just *sooo* transparent. You know I saw all your eyes sorta narrow when I said that just then. He's the one you wanna know about, isn't he? Night Raven.

Ha ha ha ha. You just did it again. I said Night Raven and you all did it again.

Yeah, alright. Yeah, I'll spare you the suspense. It is him. He's still alive. Now. Today. 1973. Still alive after all these years. Night Raven. I'll tell ya that for free. But if you wanna hear the rest

of it then you gotta sit quietly an' be good boys an' lissen to me tell the story in my own unique an' lavish style.

Yeah, I know. But I can't help it. I'm neurotic. I like the attention.

It all started at the club, The Grease Gun. You know the place I mean? Sure you do. You guys turn the place over every other week, you gotta know where it is.

Anyway, it was a Saturday night and I was in there an' I just felt kinda, I dunno, I guess I was depressed. I had a friend who hadn't shown up and that meant about eight separate things and all of them were terrible. There were a lot of the usual guys at the bar, but... well, I didn't want to talk to them right at that moment. They would have wanted to know so much and I'da been getting alla that tacky smug sympathy outta them. They're full of it. They wait for someone to have a personal disaster so they can pour it all out. I don't really like them that much, I guess.

So anyway, I just sorta started talkin' to Chinese White, just because she happened to be in there, and...

Yeah. That's what I said, isn't it? She. Yeah, that's right. A girl, a woman. That's why I said "She" instead of...

Oh. Yeah, I see. No, no, I don't go in for all that camp stuff, that calling guys "she" and stuff like that. I think all that stuffs just *sooo* juvenile. It's very... defensive, you know what I mean? I don't go in for it.

Chinese White was a girl. And though you may not believe this she was both white and chinese. Hmm-mm. That's what I said. White an' Chinese. She was an albino. You ever seen an albino chinese?

They look just... unearthly. That's exactly the word. Unearthly. Chinese White had that sort of chinese bone structure, that sort of pointed face, but her skin was like... oh, I don't know. Alabaster or something. Is that what I mean? Alabaster? That's that white stone, isn't it? Yeah. Well, that's what she looked like. Like a delicate little alabaster figurine.

Isn't that a nice image? I coulda been a writer, doncha think, images like that? I always wanted to be a writer, I've always felt that I had a lot of poetry in me, know what I mean?

She had long white hair that was just gorgeous. Not like it was bleached or anything. Her hair was silky and sleek and natural. And her clothes! All these impossibly slinky things with the slit up the side and everything. Everything about her, she was just so exotic it simply was not true. I liked her for that. And also, because she was a very warm person, a very caring person. I could sense that in her. She was a very, very close friend.

Oh yeah. Surprise, surprise. Some-

times we can be friends with girls. Large charge. You people don't know anything about us, do you? You really don't.

We sat at the corner table and talked for a while, I think it was about music, mostly. Oh yes, that's right. We were talking about the new Lou Reed album, "Berlin". It's a sort of concept album about this couple, a man and a woman, and she fools around and he beats her and they break up and her kids get taken away and she cuts her wrists and... oh, it's a depressing record. Very, very depressing. It's almost too depressing, you know? Sometimes when I hear it, it's just so overdone that I want to laugh. And I think the last album was a lot better, with Bowie handling the production, but then, I mean, Bowie, he's like a god, isn't he?

Anyway, Chinese White, she really loved "Berlin". She loved it *because* it was depressing. She was a very strange girl. She'd talk about death all the time. She was fascinated with it. She said that the only moments in your life when you were really and truly real were the painful moments, when you were truly in touch with your own emotions. And, sort of, I could really relate to that. I mean, especially the way I was feeling at that moment. We talked about all sorts of stuff... about how society is going to break down and stuff like that.

Oh yeah. Definitely. That's right. Society is just falling apart all around us... I mean, all this decadence, it's just a delicious symptom of a fatal disease. It's like in ancient Rome or Berlin just before the war. Whenever society is about to collapse, things start to get decadent. It's a historical fact. Just you wait and see. By 1976, western civilization will have broken down completely. That's definite.

So anyway, we were sitting talking about all this stuff, and all of a sudden, I said... wait a minute, let me try and get this right... I said something like "Well, I guess we're just sitting here waiting for Death."

And at that instant, at that *precise* instant, she came in. The Snow Queen came in.

All the conversation just stopped dead. It was... oh I don't know. It was supernatural. Everyone just stopped talking and looked at her.

She was chinese, just like Chinese White, only she wasn't no albino. She didn't need to be. She had it all right there, all that presence... like Garbo or something, only more oriental. It was as if she radiated something.

She radiated coldness. And Evil.  
Yes, I know, it sounds stupid. But she did. She radiated evil, I could feel it. If you're sensitive, you can tell these things.

She stopped over at the bar and got



"At that precise instant the Snow Queen came in. She was Chinese. She radiated coldness. And evil."

herself a drink and then she stood and just looked round the room. By this time everyone was looking away again and pretending to be talking, only I knew they weren't. Everyone was still conscious of her presence there in the club. You could feel it prickling at the back of your neck. Nobody wanted to look at her though. She was sort of . . . I dunno, almost too intense to look at. Me, I just sorta stared at the table and tried to remember what I was talking about. The only person in that room who was looking at the Snow Queen was Chinese White. And like, she was starin'. She couldn't look away.

After a while, the Snow Queen noticed her. And then she came across to sit at our table. I almost died, literally.

She sorta introduced herself. Her voice . . . I dunno, it was very, very, strange. She spoke so low that I could hardly hear her, but Chinese White was smiling and nodding, and she was sitting further away from the woman that I was. She just stared at Chinese White as she talked and Chinese White just stared back at her and I thought "Uh-Oh", y'know? I thought "There goes my conversation for the evening." So anyway, she introduced herself. Her name was . . . uh . . . I probably won't pronounce this right . . .

Her name was Yi Yang. Yeah. Yee-Yang. I keep saying Yie-Yang. I dunno why. But it was Yee-Yang. Spelled wh-yee. I more or less overheard all this, you understand. They weren't talking to me all of a sudden. They were just staring into each other's eyes, and, I mean, it was just phenomenal. They'd only just met each other, right?

I, y'know, I tried to join in the conversation, made a couple of jokes, but nobody was interested. After a while it was embarrassing so I sort of mumbled my excuses and left. They didn't even notice I'd gone. When I got to the door I looked back just before I stepped out into the street, and there they were, still talking, facing each other across the table, staring, smiling, heads almost touching. Weird.

I found out later that they'd left together just after I'd gone. Everybody was talking about it. Everybody.

And also, like, I just happened to find out who this Yi Yang person was, exactly.

But like, I can't exactly tell you how I found out because . . .

Ahh, who cares? Everybody's dead now. Me too pretty soon. I suppose I may as well tell you. Nobody really gives a flying one, do they?

I use cocaine, just occasionally. Just every once in a while. I mean, what's the harm? I mean, it isn't physically addictive. Well, yeah, sure, I know, it



# Night Raven

is *psychologically* addictive, I know that, but I've got a strong personality. I don't let it get on top of me. Well, I don't *often* let it get on top of me, let's just say that.

And like, my man, the guy who supplies me . . . yeah, you got it, Spanish Eddy. You know him, huh? Yeah, I know. He's dead now, I know that. An' I know why he died, 'cause I was there when the whole thing got set in motion.

You did it again. You narrowed your eyes. You people, you cops, you get all your mannerisms out of the movies *doncha?* Ha ha ha. I love it.

I was going to score, see, and I knew that Eddy was holding so I went down to see him at the V-Note, down in the village. He'd got the usual guys with him . . . very, very brutal looking men. Lot of violence in their eyes, you know.

Eddy always had this thing with me, whenever I went to score. He used to call me . . . ah, you know, all those names. He made all those jokes that people always make. Only he sorta pretended not to mean them, but I knew he did really. And I had to sort of laugh at his gags and his insults and be friendly, because . . . well, hell, I was scared of the guy. I don't see why I should be ashamed about that. He was a very threatening person. Very hostile.

So anyway, I was talking, and he was asking me about all these people we both knew and he mentioned Chinese White, because he used to supply her with coke too, right? And I think he was sorta interested in her, he had that sorta lecherous look when he talked about her. I know a lot of men have a really big thing about *girls* like Chinese White.

I was being spiteful, I guess. I wanted to wipe the grin off his moustache, so I told him about this Yi Yang woman, and, like, when I mentioned her name he just sorta stared and then he started laughing.

See, it turned out that it was this Yi Yang woman who was supplying the coke to him, *wholesale*. She was his source. I guess she was kinda his boss, and he thought it was pretty damn funny that his boss was cruising the clubs for talent like Chinese White. He started calling some of his heavies over and telling them about it and they were all laughing too. Everybody was laughing. Me, I couldn't see what the hell was so funny, but there they were, laughing fit to bust their ears. Laughing and laughing and laughing.

An' then the door got kicked in. And all of a sudden nobody was laughin' anymore.

I couldn't take it in. It was just unbelievable. You know, at first I thought it was you guys, you cops, and I was sort of relieved that Eddie hadn't

actually handed over my three grammes of snow. I mean, I'd just had such an awful week of it, and believe me, I simply did not need to be found in possession, y'know. I could not have taken a bust at that moment in time.

But, like, it wasn't the cops. I mean, really . . . phew, y'know? It sure as *hell* wasn't the cops.

There was only one person, and he just sorta *burst* into the room in this absolutely unbelievable entrance. It was . . . it was like a blur, a white blur just rushing across the room, and I just thought "What?!" y'know? And there were people getting hurt, there were all these big guys, Eddie's guys, and they had their guns out and they were shooting, but they were all getting hurt. I seen this big Guinea sorta staggering away sorta *holding his neck* and he just looked *sooo* surprised, and then, like, I saw the blood start to pump out over his fingers and I thought, you know, "My God! My god, his throat's been cut!" And it had. His throat had been cut. He was dead on his feet. It was unreal.

And the blur just kept on coming, only by now the bustle was thinning out and I could see what it was.

It was a man. With a white coat that was all sorta torn and incredibly grubby, and gloves and a hat, an' like that.

An' it was wearing a mask.

A white mask. No mouth or nose, just eyes. I . . . yeah . . . I remember there was a sorta crack running down over one of the eyes and I remember thinking that it was a shame because this mask was just *sooo* elegant and I thought that crack really ruined it. It's silly, isn't it? The things you think about when you're scared. And he just kept getting nearer and nearer, just cutting his way through Eddie's boys, even though they were shooting at him.

I'm sure I saw one of the slugs hit him, right in the chest, but he didn't slow down so I guess I imagined that bit.

An' like finally he reached Eddie's table, and, like Eddie had his heater out and I was just hysterical, I was crying, everything.

Oh no, sure, you wouldn'ta cried. Sure you wouldn't.

Before Eddie could bring his gun up, this thing, this *masked* thing, it had him by the wrist. And Eddie was just furious, and, like, also he was incredibly scared. I could see it in his face. He started shouting and swearing and screaming something in Puerto Rican, and then the guy in the white coat just broke his wrist.

He hardly even moved. Just, y'know, "Snap!" I heard it. Ugh.

And Eddie started screaming. That, I dunno, it really got to me. I mean, I expect people like me to scream and cry

but I don't expect people like Spanish Eddie to ever do stuff like that, not even when they're alone. I was scared. It was terrible.

And cracked-face just leans down really slowly till his white empty mask is about six inches from Eddie's nose and he just speaks. No. Not speaks. It wasn't speaking.

It was whispering. And all the 's's were sort of long and hissy. Like steam escaping from a radiator. "Sssssssss". Like that.

And he said, "Where isssss ssssshe?" And, like, you just knew he was only gonna ask the once.

I could see that. Eddie could see that too. He sorta gulped and retched with the pain in his wrist, and then he told cracked-face everything. He told him where this Yi Yang's apartment was and everything. Which was, y'know, strange. Because the guy in white hadn't even mentioned Yi Yang . . . but . . . oh, I can't explain this. There was something in this voice. He could only have been talking about Yi Yang. You figure it out.

This guy in white, he knew Yi Yang. That was for sure. He knew her.

And he *hated* her.

His hating, it was so *naked*. He shone with hatred. Just simply *shone*.

And then it was all over. He let go Eddie's arm and just walked calmly out of the club, picking his way over all the dead bodies as if they weren't even there.

Eddie was in shock. He was just talking to himself, just sorta mumbly. Some of it was in English, some of it was P.R. talk. Y'know . . . "Eh-ho-la-verga". You know the way those people talk. I didn't catch much of it, but there was this one little thing he said . . .

"He put my old man away." That's what he said. "Night Raven. He put my old man away."

Now, I happened to know that Spanish Eddie's old man had been dead for *at least* twenty years. He died in prison. Weird, huh?

Anyway, I got outta there real fast. Real fast. I could hear the sirens in the distance already. I just left Eddie sittin' there with a pocket full of snow and a half dozen corpses and a broken wrist.

Six days later, he was dead. He'd been charged with possession of the coke and let out on bail, and somebody got to him. They did a bag job on him. You know, what a bag job is? You knock somebody out and then you tie 'em up and put 'em in a sack with their knees bent up under their chin, and like you put a noose with a slip knot round their neck and tie the other end to their feet. And then, like when they wake up in the dark, in the sack, and they don't know where they are . . . well, they start kicking out with their legs. It's the

natural reaction. They straighten their legs out and . . . yeah. You get the picture.

It was Yi Yang who'd done it. The Snow Queen. I found out that her apartment had been burned to the ground the day after Spanish Eddie told

the man with the cracked face her address. Yi Yang wasn't in it at the time, but she was as mad as if she had been.

So Eddie got bagged.

I thought that was it, y'know? I thought it was over. I thought it was just one of those crazy inexplicable things that happens in N.Y. from time to time, things where you just get the middle of the story and you never find out what it was all about, how it started or how it ended. I thought it was a totally self-contained incident. But I was

wrong.

It was the first shot in a war. A war like you can't imagine.

A war between two people. Two people who weren't human. Two people who were going to live for ever. Two people who hated each other worse than anybody on the planet.

A war. And New York city was the battleground.

And me and Chinese White . . .

Well, I guess me and Chinese White were just the first casualties. ■

"And he just kept getting nearer and nearer, just cutting his way through Eddie's boys."



# NEWS FEATURE

by Frank Plowright

There's not much news from *Marvel* this month, so it makes sense to start with *DC*.

They've been expanding their line of titles gradually over the past three years, producing some excellent material due to their policy of allowing creators to produce the comics they want and diversifying the line. Sadly, the first casualties of this policy have now arrived. *House of Mystery* is stalked through the heart after 321 issues, with *Captain Carot* and his *Zoo Crew* biting the dust after issue 20. He's immediately launched into a mini series, co-starring *Changeling* from the *Teen Titans*.

The biggest loss, though, is *Night Force*, which departs with issue 14. It seems that sales on the title were the slowest in the *DC* line, which is strange when you consider that similar stories in prose form have made Steven King one of the world's top-selling authors. I'll miss *Night Force*.

Following *Marvel's* successful policy of reprinting selected stories on good paper for distribution to the comic shops, *DC* plan to institute a similar series. Launching the reprints will be 7 issues of *Denny O'Neil* and *Neal Adams' Green Lantern/Green Arrow* stories from the early 1970's.

Fancy a 32 page comic featuring two page pin-ups of the most popular *DC* characters? Well, get down to your comics shop some time in June, because that's when the *FREE DC sampler book* is due. Artists involved include *Gil Kane*, *George Perez*, *Ed Hannigan* and *Keith Giffen*.

Talking about *Giffen*, he'll no longer be drawing the *Omega Men* after issue 6. The explanation comes from the man himself. "After a few issues I was beginning to make the *Vegan* star system look just like the *Legion's* era, something I felt would ultimately hurt both books."

He'll remain as artist and co-plotter of the *Legion of Super-Heroes* while two people named *Tod Smith* and *Paul Power* (I presume it's not the *Manchester City* captain) will draw *Omega Men* 7 and 8. *Giffen* is also currently plotting and drawing a mini series starring the *Creeper*, last seen in *Flash* 323.

Last summer's teaming of the *X-Men* and the *Teen Titans* was so popular that it's being repeated

this autumn, with *Mary Wolfman* writing and *George Perez* drawing. *Perez* is also handling the art on June's scheduled teaming of the *Avengers* and the *Justice League of America*, to be co-written by *Gerry Conway* and *Ray Thomas*.

The script for 1984's *Batman* film has now been completed by *Tom Mankiewicz*. It will be structured in the same manner as the initial *Superman* film, following the career of *Batman* from an origin that's slightly modified from the comics to a battle with arch enemies, in *Batman's* case the *Joker* and *Penguin*. *Robin's* first appearance won't be until the end of the film, when the *Joker* murders his parents. *Mankiewicz* and producer *Mike Uslan* stress that *Batman* will be depicted as a creature of the night, and the *Joker* will be a frightening homicidal maniac rather than a clown. At present no-one has been cast as *Batman*, but the insistence that the film bear no resemblance to the 1960's TV series must surely appear to preclude *Adam West* obtaining the part he's said he'd love to play.

The only real news at *Marvel* is the announcement of still more mini series. Look for a teaming of the *X-Men* and the *Micronauts*, *Jack of Hearts*, *Dazzler* and the *Beast*, and *Rawhide Kid* (by *Herb Trimpe*) around the end of 1983.

In the regular comics, *Deathlok* drops in for a visit in *Captain America* 286, two *X-Men* get married in 173-175, *Doctor Doom* returns along with the *Silver Surfer* in *Fantastic Four* 259, and the story of the gold statue sought after at the start of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is revealed in the *Further Adventures of Indiana Jones* 9 and 10.

The lack of *Marvel* news gives me a chance to plug *Two Chances*. "Who are they?" you ask. Well, as well as being a master of the paste-up board, *Marvel* designer *Floran Florenzo* also heads his own band, *Two Chances*. Near enough the whole *Marvel* staff and a goodly number of freelancers watched the band recently at London's *Rock Garden*, with a good time being had by all. Remember, when *Florenzo's* a megastar, you read about him here first.



TWO CHANCES - From left to right: Jim Wannell, Marx, Florian Florenzo.

Photograph by Marcus Covey

INDIANA JONES - Currently running in *British Star Wars*.







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**IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE COMICS  
WERE AS GOOD AS THIS.**

# IT'S A MIGHTY MARVEL SUMMER EXPLOSION!



60p

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COLOUR PIN-UP POSTER IN EACH COMIC!

# Steve Dillon

## early artwork

A spaceman drawn by Steve when he was 9.



### STEVE DILLON

Through an interest in *The Planet of the Apes*, Steve brought the comics of the same name and from there went on to read Marvel and DC comics.

He started to do fan art for 'zines, both his and other people's, when he was 15.

At 16, his work in *Ultimate Science Fiction* got him noticed and he received his first break in professional comics.

*Hulk no 2* (Marvel UK) was his debut strip and he went on from there to work for 2000 AD and *Warrior*.

At present he is working on *Judge Dredd* for 2000AD (to be seen soon), *Lawyer Eraser* and *Axel Pressbutton* for *Warrior* and a *Doctor Who* strip for a Marvel comics summer special.



From Steve Dillon's own fanzine 'Escape from the Planet of the Apes' which he drew, lettered and wrote himself when he was 15.



One of Steve's portrait drawings done at the age of 16.

A panel from Steve's debut *Hulk* strip in *Hulk no 2* when he was the tender age of 16.





# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>

## TILL DEATH DO US PART!

AT LAST-- FOGGY GETS MARRIED! PLUS... THE RETURN OF ONE OF DD'S MOST FEARSOME FOES, THE MURDEROUS GLADIATOR!

IN A SPECIAL GYM THAT COMPRISES AN ENTIRE WING OF HIS UPPER EASTSIDE BROWNSTONE...

...A VERY SPECIAL MAN... A BLIND MAN... PUSHES HIMSELF THROUGH A GRUELING WORKOUT FEW SIGHTED MEN WOULD DARE ATTEMPT, MUCH LESS MASTER WITH SUCH BREATHTAKING SKILL.

BUT, THIS MORNING, HIS RIGOROUS TRAINING IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED...

HE IS ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK. BUT THERE ARE TIMES HE STALKS THE STREETS AS DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...

...FOR, ALTHOUGH A TRAGIC ACCIDENT ROBBED HIM OF HIS VISION SEVERAL YEARS AGO, IT ALSO HEIGHTENED HIS REMAINING SENSES TO AN INCREDIBLE DEGREE.

SO, EVEN THOUGH HE CAN'T SEE KEATHER GLENN, HE KNOWS IT IS HER. EVEN BEFORE SHE SPEAKS, THE SCENT OF HER PERFUME IS TO MATT, JUST AS UNMISTAKABLE AS THE DISTINCTIVE BEAT OF HER HEART!

MATT?  
MATT! ARE  
YOU IN  
HERE?

NO, DARLING.  
UP HERE.



BUT THEN, HE WOULD KNOW HER ANYWHERE. SHE IS, AFTER ALL, THE WOMAN HE LOVES...

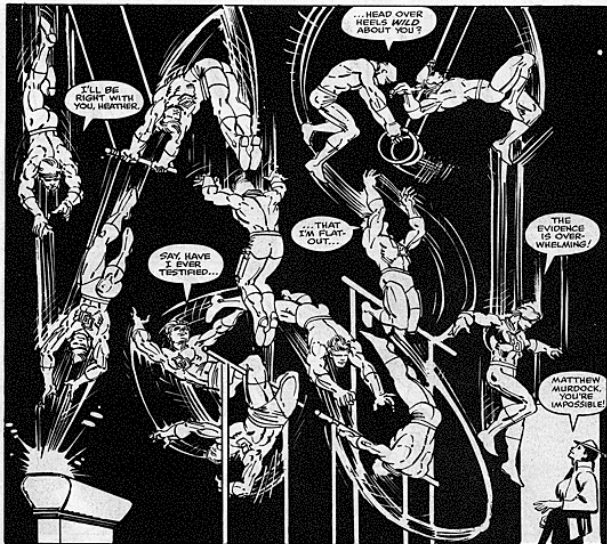
ROGER MCKENZIE & FRANK MILLER KLAUS JANSON  
WRITER / CO-PLOTTER / PENCILER

INKER

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERER

DENNY O'NEIL  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
ED-IN-CHIEF



NO!O CONTENDRE, M'LADY!  
I'M AFRAID I'VE NO CHOICE  
BUT TO THROW MYSELF  
TO THE MERCY OF  
THE COURT!

YOUR WISH IS  
MY COMMAND!

WELL, IN *THAT*  
CASE, M'LORD...

... I WISH YOU'D GET  
*OUT* OUT OF THAT  
SMELLY COSTUME  
AND *INTO* YOUR TUX!

BUT... BUT...

WE'RE RUNNING LATE AS  
IT IS, COUNCILOR...

--OR HAVE YOU *FORGOT-*  
TEN YOUR BEST FRIEND'S  
GETTING MARRIED TODAY?

THEN, IMPATIENTLY, HEATHER PULLS A RELUCTANT MATT  
MURDOCK FROM HIS TRAINING...

...DRAGGING HIM TO HIS TOP-FLOOR LIVING QUARTERS.

SHE HAS MATURED IN THE MONTHS FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, BUT IT IS A MATURITY EGGED WITH BITTERNESS. AND, SOMETIMES, MATT QUESTIONS IF THE CHANGE IN HER HAS BEEN FOR THE BETTER...

...BUT RIGHT NOW, HE HAS ANOTHER MATTER ON HIS MIND...

FORGET FOGGY'S WEDDING? HEATHER, FOGGY'S WEDDING IS ALL I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT FOR DAYS! I BET I'M MORE NERVOUS THAN HE IS...

...SO NATURALLY YOU JUST HAD TO WORK UP YOUR TENSION AS DAREDEVIL WON'T MATT, YOU LEAN ON HIM TOO MUCH! DAREDEVIL ISN'T A CRUTCH...OR A CAME!

AND HE CERTAINLY ISN'T FOGGY NELSON'S BEST MAN! YOU ARE! NOW HURRY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

SO, WHILE MATT JUMPS IN THE SHOWER, WE JUMP TO A SPRAWLING MIDTOWN MUSEUM...

Disney  
Museum of  
Human  
History

...WHERE SOCIAL WORKER BETSY BEATTY IS LEARNING THAT SUPERVISING A FIELDTRIP FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN CAN BE AS HEctic AS IT IS REWARDING.

BUT THEN, TO BETSY, THE CHILDREN ARE WORTH THE TROUBLE...

HURRY, MISS BETSY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME--

--AND THERE'S SOMETHIN' WE JUST GOTTA SEE!

A STATUE OF THE GLADIATOR! I HOPE THAT DUDE NEVER GETS HIS HANDS ON ME!

I WONDER WHAT THE GUIDE WOULD SAY IF HE KNEW MELVIN WAS ONE OF MY CLIENTS?

THE COURT ASSIGNED ME TO HIS CASE AFTER HIS PAROLE FROM PRISON, AND I'VE TRIED MY BEST TO HELP HIM!

...BUT I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE JUST NOW... FIGHTING... HE MUST LOOK IN THAT ARMOR!

...CONTINUING OUR EXPOSITION ON MAN AND HIS WEAPONRY THROUGHOUT THE AGES, WE COME TO MELVIN POTTER.

AS THE GLADIATOR, HE USED MODERN TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE A STYLIZED VERSION OF ANCIENT ROMAN ARMOUR.

YOU SEE HERE, HIS ACTUAL COSTUME...

THEN, AS THE TOUR MOVES ON...

LET'S CHECK OUT THE ROMAN EXHIBIT, MISS BETSY!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A BIG ARENA AND EVERYTHING!

UH-OH--! ONE OF THOSE KIDS MUST HAVE LEFT HIS THERMOS!











MEANWHILE...

GET OUT OF HERE! RUN! THE GLADIATOR HAS TAKEN OVER THE MUSEUM! HE'S HOLDING SOME KIDS HOSTAGE!

HE ALMOST KILLED ONE MAN ALREADY!

YOU HEARD ME, STRIPLING! DELIVER THAT MESSAGE TO THE AUTHORITIES WITHOUT DELAY!

K-KILL THE CHILDREN?! MY GOD, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

THEY HAVE ONE HOUR TO SEND A CHAMPION TO BATTLE ME-- OR I WILL SLAY YOUR FRIENDS ONE-BY-ONE!

I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS! I WAS LOST UNTIL I MET YOU, BUT NOW I HAVE SOMETHING... SOMEONE... TO FIGHT FOR!

AND, BY THE HOLY EMPIRE, I WILL FIGHT!

F-FIGHT--? BUT, MELVIN, WHY? THERE'S NO REASON TO--

THERE IS EVERY REASON, MISS BETSY!

MMMF--?!

DON'T EVER... EVER... TOUCH ME LIKE THAT AGAIN!

SMACK

I AM THE GLADIATOR! THE GLADIATOR! AND YOU DARE REJECT ME? IT IS UNTHINKABLE, UNLESS--

--YES, OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND NOW! I MUST PROVE MYSELF IN COMBAT!

THEN GO BE IT, MISS BETSY! IF YOU WANT A WARRIOR YOU SHALL HAVE ONE!

ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO LET THE CHILDREN GO FREE--! PLEASE, MELVIN, JUST LET THEM GO...



SOME TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A GRIM AND SIGHTLESS DEVIL HAUSES IN THE SHADOWS SURROUNDING THE ASSIEGED MUSEUM.



BUT, IF HE FEELS THE GROWING RESTLESSNESS OF THE CROWD ALREADY GATHERED SO VERY FAR BELOW HIM--AN UNREST HE CAN ONLY SENSE, RATHER THAN SEE--

I CAN PINPOINT THE GLADIATOR'S EXACT POSITION THANKS TO MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING AND RADAR-SENSE, BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS.



SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO LURE HIM AWAY FROM THE KIDS TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

BUT IT'S A STAND-OFF, AT BEST. THEY CAN'T ATTACK THE GLADIATOR WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING THE LIVES OF THE KIDS.

IF ANYTHING'S TO BE DONE, I'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT.

AND SOON.



--HE DOESN'T LET IT SHOW AS HE SEEMS TO GLIDE ALMOST EFFORTLESSLY ACROSS THE CITY'S DARKENING SKYLINE.

AND THEN, USING HIS CANE-- A CANE HE DESIGNED TO DOUBLE AS AN ALL-PURPOSE BILLY CLUB--



--HE SWINGS QUICKLY TO THE ROOFTOP OF THE SLEEK CONCRETE AND STEEL GALLERY THAT HAS BECOME A CHAMBER OF FEAR FOR BETSY BEATTY AND THE CHILDREN HELD CAPTIVE WITHIN.

JUDGING FROM THE SOUNDS I HEARD BEFORE IN THE STREETS, THE POLICE HAVE THROWN A GORDON AROUND THIS BUILDING.



BUT IT'S A STAND-OFF, AT BEST. THEY CAN'T ATTACK THE GLADIATOR WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING THE LIVES OF THE KIDS.

IF ANYTHING'S TO BE DONE, I'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT.

AND SOON.



THE HOUR HAS PASSED! THEY HAVE SENT NO CHAMPION!

HOW CAN I WIN YOUR HEART, MISS BETSY, IF THEY WILL NOT LET ME FIGHT FOR IT?











DON'T BET ON IT, GLADIATOR. RUNNING ISN'T MY STYLE.

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

HE GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO CATCH MY BREATH... AND I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO STOP HIM.

KATHANNG

MY HELMET...! BUT THAT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, JACKAL!

EVEN WITHOUT MY HEAD-GEAR, MY ARMOUR HAS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU--

--UUNGH!

THOK

ARMOUR IS ONLY A SHELL--

THAK

THOK

--NO GOOD WITHOUT A MAN INSIDE!

STRONG AS HE IS, HE CAN ONLY WITHSTAND SO MUCH PUNISHMENT-- AND IF I KEEP STRIKING HIS PAINFUL POINTS...

IT'S WORKING. HE'S NEARLY OUT ON HIS FEET.

YOU... FOUGHT WELL... DEVIL. BETTER THAN... I HAD... EXPECTED.

YOU... HAVE EARNED...

...A WARRIOR'S DEATH...

WHIRRR

QUICK... CLEAN...

...HONOURABLE.

CHOK



AND SO...

...IF THERE IS ANYONE WITH GOOD REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE WED IN HOLY MATRIMONY, LET HIM SPEAK NOW OR--

FOGGY! AM I TOO LATE?



NEARLY, MATT, NEARLY! I STALLED AS LONG AS I COULD.

JUST GIVE ME THE RING AND--

THAT'S JUST IT, FOGGY.



BECKY AND I TURNED THE STOREFRONT UPSIDE DOWN BUT WE COULDN'T FIND IT! I'M SORRY...



OH, NO--! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?



IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER WHERE I--



--PUT IT--?

UH, GUESS WHAT, MATT...



MISS HARRIS, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, REVEREND!



SIGH--! VERY WELL, THEN, BY THE POWERS VESTED IN ME--

...I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!



IN OUR VERY SPECIAL NEXT ISSUE:  
**DD** AGAINST THE **MAULER**  
THE MOST OFF-BEAT STORY EVER!!!

NIGHT TIME ON  
DESRAULT: WET AND  
HARASSED SPACEYARD  
MONITORS SCOWING  
THROUGH THE LASH-  
ING RAIN...

OKAY YOU MEN... LOOK  
LIVELY! HERE COMES  
THE LAST OF THE OFF-  
WORLD AMBASSADORS

OH  
YEAH? MIND  
TELLING US WHO  
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO  
BE BOWING AND  
SCRAPING TO  
THIS TIME?

WITHIN A WEEK THE MONSOON WILL  
HAVE SPENT ITSELF. ONLY THIS TIME IT  
WILL BE NO COMMON SUN THAT PENET-  
RATES THE HEAVY STORMCLOUDS...

SURE: THE SKINNY  
BOOD GETTIN' OUTTA  
THAT SUNRAZOR IS LADY  
REMADU OF GALLIFREY.  
THE BUNCH A GLEEPS  
WITH HER ARE HER  
ESCORT...

OH YEAH...  
THE SPECIAL  
EXECUTIVE!  
THEY'RE PARA-  
HUMANS, AN'T  
THEY?

WHOS  
THAT IN THE  
FLYING SQUACK  
BALL?

THAT'S BRILOX,  
THE SONTARAN  
AMBASSADOR!  
MAKE SURE HE GETS  
A GUEST ROOM  
WITH A LEAKY  
ROOF!

WHAT  
ABOUT HIS ESCORT?  
AIN'T HE GOT  
ONE?

COURSE NOT.  
WHOD HANNA TRAVEL  
TEN LIGHT YEARS WITH  
A SONTARAN? NOW HAUL  
YER CARCASS AN' GET 'EM  
ALL OVER TO RECEPTION.

FOR THIS TIME, OVER  
THE TINY, URANIUM-  
RICH WORLD OF  
DESRAULT THERE  
SA...

## BLACK SUN RISING

LATER...

REMADU? COULD I  
TROUBLE YOU FOR AN  
OTHER TOWEL? IF I DON'T  
GET MY FUR DRY IT'LL BE  
MURDER BRUSHING  
IT!

I'LL NEVER  
KNOW HOW SOME-  
BODY WHO LOOKS  
LIKE A WEREWOLF  
CAN BE SO VAIN,  
WARDOG.

ANYWAY,  
SHOULDN'T YOU BE PAY-  
ING MORE ATTENTION TO  
OUR SECURITY ARRANG-  
EMENTS THAN TO YOUR  
COIFFURE?

SO FAR, SO  
GOOD! THE SONTARAN  
IS LUCKED SAFELY AWAY IN THE  
EAST WING, AND I'VE YET TO  
DISCOVER ANY BLODGING  
DEVICES.

ALL I NEED TO DO  
NOW IS TO CHECK THIS  
LAST DORMITORY AND I  
SHOULD KNOW THE IDEN-  
TITY OF OUR MYSTERIOUS  
THIRD PARTY.

WE NEED TO KNOW  
WHO THE THIRD PARTY  
BIDDING AGAINST US AND  
THE SONTARANS IS THERE'S  
A LOT RIDING ON THIS  
DEAL.

I SUGGEST  
YOU CONCENTRATE ON  
YOUR BODY BUILDING  
EXERCISES AND LEAVE  
THE SECURITY TO ME.  
ZEITGEIST IS CHECKING  
THE OTHER ROOMS.

THE PARA-HUMAN  
KNOWNS AS  
ZEITGEIST IS  
SKILLED IN ALL  
THE ARTS OF  
DETECTION.  
JUST THIS ONCE  
HOWEVER HE  
DOESN'T NEED  
THEM...

EYES OF RASSILON!!  
THOSE UNIFORMS!!

THEY  
CAN ONLY MEAN  
THAT THE THIRD  
AMBASSADOR IS A  
MEMBER OF.

THE ORDER OF THE  
BLACK SUN? ARE  
YOU CERTAIN,  
ZEITGEIST?

CERTAIN AS DEATH  
MY LADY!

THAT MEANS  
THERE'S MUCH  
MORE DEPENDING  
ON THIS MISSION THAN  
WE FIRST SUPPOSED I'D  
BETTER ARRANGE A  
HARP-LINK WITH  
GALLIFREY

...AND THAT'S  
THE STORY  
FATHER!

THIS IS  
SERIOUS, INDEED.  
WE KNOW THAT AT SOME  
TIME IN THE FUTURE WE  
ARE FATED TO BATTLE THE BLACK  
SUN. BUT NOT ANY  
OR WHEN!

PROCEED  
WITH CAUTION, REHA-  
DA! THE FATE OF THE  
GALAXIES COULD HANG ON  
TOMORROW'S TRADE  
DISCUSSIONS!

BUT WON'T THE BLACK  
SUN PEOPLE ALSO  
KNOW OF THEIR IM-  
PENDING WAR WITH  
THE TIMELORDS?

POSSIBLY  
NOT. REMEMBER  
THE WAR IS ALMOST  
CERTAIN TO BE CAUSED  
BY EVENTS YET TO  
HAPPEN ON OUR  
TIMELINE.

PERHAPS  
IF WE MAKE PEACE  
NOW WITH THE ORDER,  
WE MAY AVERT THE  
WAR ENTIRELY!

GOODBYES ARE EXCHANGED,  
THEN STATIC SETTLES LIKE  
SNOW OVER THE VIDEO-SCREEN.

POOR FATHER! IN THE  
TEN YEARS SINCE OUR  
SKIRMISH WITH THE FUTURE  
TIME BLACK SUN HE'S GROWN  
SO OLD. IT TOOK AWAY HIS  
YOUTH, WARDOG.

I KNOW, MY LADY.  
IT ALSO TOOK  
AWAY MY  
ARM!

ZEITGEIST  
AND I HAD BEST  
RETIRE TO THE  
SPECIAL EXEC'S  
DORMITORY...

"TOMORROW" THREATENS TO BE A LONG DAY!"

THE TALKS HAVE  
GONE LIKE A DREAM, WAR-  
DOG. THAT OLD GENTLEMAN,  
THE BLACK SUN ELDER  
IS SO COURTEOUS  
AND AGREEABLE

I'M START-  
ING TO THINK  
EVERYTHING'S GO-  
ING TO BE  
ALRIGHT!

MY LADY? I AM LORD  
ADAMATH, BLACK SUN RE-  
PRESENTATIVE FOR THE RIGEL  
SECTOR. I FOUND YOUR  
SPEECH ON GALLIFREY IN-  
TERESTING...

I AM AL-  
WAYS PLEASED  
TO ACQUAINT MYSELF WITH  
ONE OF YOUR ILLUS-  
TRIOUS ORDER, MY  
LORD

ESPECIALLY  
ONE SO CHARMING  
AS YOURSELF. PERHAPS  
WE COULD RETIRE TO THE  
REST GARDENS FOR A  
WHILE? PLEASE EXCUSE  
US, WARDOG.

LET'S  
HOPE SO! HERE  
COMES ONE OF HIS  
HONOUR GUARD NOW...

AS A STUDENT  
OF GALACTIC ECO-  
NOMY, I WONDER IF YOU  
MIGHT TAKE THE TIME TO  
EXPLAIN SOME OF THE  
FINER POINTS  
TO ME..?

"GALACTIC  
ECONOMICS" WHY  
DON'T I EVER THINK  
UP WITTY OPENING  
LINES LIKE THAT?

BUT NOT EVERYONE  
TAKES THE LIAISON AS  
PHILOSOPHICALLY  
AS DOES HARBDOG.

HOW TOUCHING!  
GALLIFREY AND THE  
BLACK SUN WOO  
BACH OTHER  
LEAVING THE SONTAR-  
ANS OUT IN THE COLD.  
HOW SAD IT CANNOT  
LAST...

YOU HAVE  
TURNED YOUR  
BACKS ON A SONTARIN,  
MY LORD AND LADY. AND  
THAT IS SOMETHING ONE  
SHOULD NEVER DO.

YET AS THE LONG DESALUTIAN WEEKS  
DRIFT BY IT SEEMS THAT NOTHING CAN  
SPOIL THE GROWING RELATIONSHIP  
BETWEEN GALLIFREY AND THE ORDER  
OF THE BLACK SUN.

...NOT THAT WHICH GROWS  
BETWEEN ITS AMBASSADORS

THE CONFERENCE CLOSES  
TOMORROW. REVERA. IT SEEMS  
GALLIFREY AND THE ORDER  
WILL DIVIDE THE LIAISON  
RIGHTS BETWEEN THEM  
IN GLAD.

ME TOO I  
WAS WORRIED ABOUT  
THIS MISSION. BUT IT SEEMS  
THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN  
OUR TWO GREAT POWERS  
IS FINALLY SECURE.

AND  
YOU AND I HAVE  
FOUND SOMETHING  
MORE THAN  
FRIENDSHIP

THE LAST DAY OF THE TALKS...

GAAARGH!

DON'T BE  
ALARMED, MY DEAR.  
IT'S ONLY A RHYTHM  
ALL IT DOES IS HIDE YOUR  
BRAIN CLEAR, LEAVING A  
SMOOTH SLATE FOR ME  
TO WRITE ON!

MEANWHILE, IN THE REST GARDENS...

NOW THIS IS MY SORT  
OF VENUE... SUN, SOFT  
GRASS AND FINE  
CONVERSATION...

COBWEB?  
WHAT'S WRONG?

"YOU'VE GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING!!"

EBITGEIST AND  
COBWEB ARE CHECKING  
THE GROUNDS. THAT  
LEAVES THE CONFER-  
ENCE HALL FOR ME!

COBWEB  
IS THE BEST TELE-  
PATH IN THE SPECIAL  
EXEC. SHE'S NEVER  
BEEN WRONG BEFORE.  
LET'S HOPE THERE'S  
A FIRST TIME!

AND SO, AS  
OUR TALKS DRAW TO  
A CLOSE, MAY I CONGRATU-  
LATE BOTH OUR BLACK  
SUN AND GALLIFREYAN  
QUESTS UPON THEIR  
SUCCESS.

NOW IT  
ONLY REMAINS FOR  
ME TO...

MY TELEPATHIC  
LINK WITH MILLENNIUM!  
IT JUST VANISHED...  
LIKE HER BRAIN DIED!  
SOMETHING'S HAPPEN-  
ING HARBDOG... I  
SENSE DISASTER!





**Name:** Scott Reeves  
**Address:** 58 Cottesloe Road, Aylesbury, Bucks.  
**Offering:** *(Mighty World of Marvel)* 105, 110, 263, 289, 301, 308, 317, 319; *Avengers* 133; *Super Spider-Man* 271, 293; *Blockbuster Winter Special*; *X-Men Winter Special*; *Future Tense* 5; *Valour* 8; *Winter Special*; *Spectacular Spidey* 364; complete *Fantastic Four* 27; *Marvel Comic* 334; *Titans* 48; *Captain Britain* 38.  
**Wanted:** *Superman & Spider-Man vs Doc Doom & Parasite*; *UK Marvel Team-Up* 24; *Hulk* (new series) 1-3, 6-27.

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**Name:** Richard Faulkner  
**Address:** 44 Campbell Drive, Carlton, Nottingham N94 1RD.  
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**Wanted:** *(US Monthlies)* *Capt. America* 102, 103, 105-107, 110-118, 120-122, 125, 127, 129-131, 135, 136, 139-144, 146-154, 156-161, 173-175, 249, 256; *Daredevil* 158, 161, 163, 164, 169; *Marvel Spotlight* 2nd series 8; *Tales of Suspense* 58, 60-84, 86-99; *X-Men GSI* 94, 95, 102, 104, 105; *Peter Parker Spider-Man* 27, 28; *DC Presents* 2; *Flash* 105-118, 120-122, 124-135, 143, 147, 219, 236, 248; *Cerebus* 1-15, 19. Willing to swap many British per 1 US Monthly.

**Name:** John Randall  
**Address:** 10 Meadow Close, Dollis Valley Way, Barnet, Herts, EN5 2UE.  
**Offering:** *(US Monthly)* *Thor* 291 (slight damage). *(UK Monthlies)* *Marvel Superheroes* 370, 371, 372. *(UK Weeklies)* *Marvel Action* 1-5 all in good condition.  
**Wanted:** *(American)* *X-Men* 121. *(British)* *Rampage* 13, 14, 22, 24, 39; *X-Men Winter Special* 1981.

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**Name:** Leo Hughes  
**Address:** 19 Bamburg Close, Danesholme, Corby, Northants.  
**Offering:** *(UK Weeklies and Monthlies)* *Doctor Who* 1-2, 4-7, 9-26, 28-34, 36-43, (vgc except 4-5), 44-45, 47-58 (all vgc).  
**Wanted:** *(UK Monthlies)* *Savage Sword of Conan* 1-16 (and if possible) *Conan Pocket Book* 8-9.

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**Name:** Terry Donnelly  
**Address:** 25 Druid Drive, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland.  
**Offering:** *(UK Monthlies)* *Star Heroes* 1, 3; *Kung Fu Monthly* no.9; *Marvel Super-Heroes* 363, 376; *Future Tense* 40. *(K Weeklies)* *Ghost Rider* 62, *Kazar* 8, *X-Men* 155, *Defenders* 71, 96, *Avengers* 207, *Cap America* 55, 56, 58, 59.  
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**Name:** John Mannering  
**Address:** 29 Towerview Hill, Bangor BT19 2BD, County Down, N. Ireland.  
**Offering:** *(US Monthlies)* *Champions* 1, *Incredible Hulk* 275-278, *Marvel Team-Up* 121, *Moon Knight* 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21, 22, 26; *Peter Parker* 1 (*UK Monthlies*) *Starburst* 27, 28, 34; *Avengers Treasury Edition* 1982, (*Pocket Books*) *Spider-Man* 16, *Fantastic Four* 28, *Conan* 1-6, 9 (French) *Giant colour edition*; *Hulk/Moon Knight* in good condition.  
**Wanted:** *(UK Weeklies)* *M.W.O.M.* 1 in good condition.

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**Name:** J. Peck  
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**Wanted:** *(US Monthlies)* *Marvel Tales* 137-141; *X-Men* any pre-131, 132-135; *What If* 35; *Daredevil* 156-160; *Hulk* 180-183; *Rom* 18; *P. Parker* 27-29; *Marvel Team-Up* 117, 118, (*UK Monthly*) *Rampage* 12.

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